



Piqua Arts Council

427. N. Main St.
Piqua, OH 45356
p.937.773.9630
e. piquaartscouncil@woh.rr.com

Art is for Everyone!

“ All Things Rockwell”

Writing and Art Competition Grade 6
Piqua City and Piqua Catholic Schools

The Piqua Arts Council sponsored a series of educational programs revolving around American Artist Norman Rockwell whose illustrations were exhibited at the Dayton Art Institute November through February of 2012

Piqua sixth graders representing Piqua City Schools and Piqua Catholic Schools participated in the following:

- A creative writing contest to interpret one of Rockwell's 300-plus famed covers which appeared on the covers of the Saturday Evening Post
- An art contest to design a Rockwell-like magazine cover. Winners were awarded prizes at a special reception on January 20 at Edison Community College.
- A field trip for all sixth graders to view Rockwell's exhibit at the DAI.
- A visit by Curator Tom Daly of the Norman Rockwell Museum in Stockbridge, MA. visited three Piqua schools on January 20 to talk about America's beloved artist.

Sponsored by the Piqua Community Foundation, Hartzell Norris Trust and Honda of America Foundation.

The following pages include the winning entries. An award was give at each school for the writing and the art competition.

Washington Intermediate
Art Contest
Grace Strevell

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Washington Intermediate
Writing Contest
Tila Rippke
Story Inspired by “The Runaway”



The Runaway

By: Tila Rippke

The policeman walked into the diner. The boy's heart started beating fast as the policeman approached him. He had known his parents would call the police, but he had hoped he would be able to leave town first. The policeman took the stool next to him at the counter.

“How do you do young man?”, asked the policeman. His tone of voice was kind and gentle.

“F-fine sir.”, the boy stuttered with fear. The policeman knew the boy was a runaway without having to look at the hobo sack that lay at the boy's feet. He had been alone at the station when he had gotten the call from the boy's worried parents. He knew the family from church and decided to handle the call personally.

“You're mighty young to be out alone?” the policeman pondered.

“Yes sir.”, started the boy. “my parents said I could come here for lunch, but I forgot my money at home.”

The policeman chuckled softly and said “ Well I can't have little boys running around town hungry.” The policeman flagged down the waiter “I'll have two spaghetti and meatballs, please.”

“What would you like to drink?”, asked the waiter.

“I'll have a cup of coffee, and a soda pop for the boy.” answered the policeman. The waiter whisked into the kitchen with a smile on his face. As they waited the policeman told the boy a story.

“You know when I was a boy I sat in that very stool. You see I had run away from home. My parents and I had gotten into a fight. I got upset. So I packed up some clothes and my toy soldiers and left.”, the policeman was interrupted. The waiter set down the two plates of spaghetti one in front of the policeman one in front of the boy. The waiter left and returned a second later with the drinks.

“Thank you.”, said the policeman. Both of them picked up their forks and began eating. The policeman continued his story between bites.

“As I was saying I came to the diner and with the little money I had bought a burger and soda pop. After I ate I went to the park and sat on the bench. I took out my toy soldiers and played, but I soon felt lonesome. You see my father used to play with me. We had tons of fun. Well I thought about what we fought about and I realized something. My parents are more important to me than anything we could fight about. So I went home and that was the happiest day of my life.”, the policeman finished his story and continued to eat. When he was done eating he paid for the meal and left the waiter a very large tip. The policeman stood, picked up the boy's hobo sack, gave the boy a hug and sent him home to his waiting parents.

The next Sunday the policeman saw the boy and his parents happily walk into church. He knew he had done the right thing.

This Norman Rockwell painting portrays a policeman and a young boy sitting at the counter in a diner talking. The waiter is waiting to take their order. The boy and the policeman look as if they're having a friendly chat. The boy looks as if he is listening intently to what the policeman has to say. The hobo sack at the boy's feet symbolizes that the boy is a runaway. The diner is older because it has an older radio, and older looking cups, and pie rack. The boy's shoes are untied, and his hair is sticking

up in the front.

The mood is cheery. The waiter is smiling. The room is bright. Everyone is looking at each other in a friendly sort of way. The look of the people in the diner gives the impression that they are friends. The painting could also represent how in a small town community, you need unity.

My connections are I've eaten spaghetti at a restaurant. And often on the news they speak of local children running away. The picture reminds me of one time when my brothers and I were home alone we got an amber alert call. I wondered who it was and switched on the news it showed the face of a little boy I didn't know.

This painting may mean different things to different people, but to me it means a policeman doing a kind deed without the little boy knowing.

Wilder Intermediate
Art Contest
Kenzie Ellerman

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



**Wilder Intermediate
Writing Contest
Samantha Helton
Story Inspired by "The Problems We All Live With"**



My First Day of School

By: Samantha Helton

Wilder Intermediate School

My name is Ruby. My mom says that today, November 3, 1960, I'm going to go to the white kids school. I got chosen by the government to be the first black child to go to a white children's school. Why do they want to punish me?

When I got up at 6:30 I brushed my teeth, got dressed in the prettiest white dress my mother picked out, and then I went downstairs to eat breakfast. There were eggs and bacon sitting on the counter, my favorite. But, all kids like that. I'm so scared to go to the white kids school because I'll be the only one black.


"I'll stand out like a fly in a glass of milk." I whisper to Mama.

"Maybe, but you'll change their minds about us black folks, Ruby."

Mama encourages me.

"Do you mean it?" I respond, and the door knocks.

"Yes! My sweet angel. But, you must be prepared! Be polite, and



try not to listen to their remarks. It will get better, just take it one day at a time."


I put on my coat and walk to the door. To my surprise I see four big white men dressed in black and white suits, with a funny looking band around their arm. My heart starts racing! I run to Mama and grab her leg.

"Now, you have to go Ruby," Mama says, and pulls me off her leg. "These men will protect you."

I grab my schoolbooks and start walking, with a tear rolling down my cheek. The men surround me while I walk. Two are in the front and two in the back. As I walk, people on the street scream bad things at me. I even got tomatoes thrown at me. They flew by my head and splattered on the building.

As I pass another building, I see words written on them. What does "Nigger" mean? I wonder. I'll have to ask Mama when I get home. That is, if I make it home.

I finally arrive after a long walk. I'm not allowed to ride the bus.



The school is surrounded with people. Haven't they ever seen black folk before? They're all staring at me, and whispering to each other.


As I walk in, parents are taking their kids out. They say that they won't let their children come back until that black child is out of the school. I almost cry, but I don't. Whenever I'm in a bad situation, Mama says, "Keep your head high and never shed a tear, ever." So, I don't.

The teachers greet me. They tell me where I need to go. They say, "Just ignore them. They'll come back." I try doing what the teachers say, but school is hard! Especially when everyone keeps staring at me!

I was so glad to hear the bell ring. I gather my things and again, I am greeted by the big white men at the door and try to prepare myself for the long walk home. Same as before, people are yelling at me and throwing tomatoes. But, this time I had a smile on my face because I made it through my first day.

Finally home, Mama greets me at the door.

"How was your day?" Mama asks.



"Mama, I've been waiting to ask you this all day. What's a Nigger?" The tears rolled down Mama's face as she got out the dictionary. She leafed through it until she found the word.

"The definition of Nigger is, 'an ignorant person,' " Mama says.

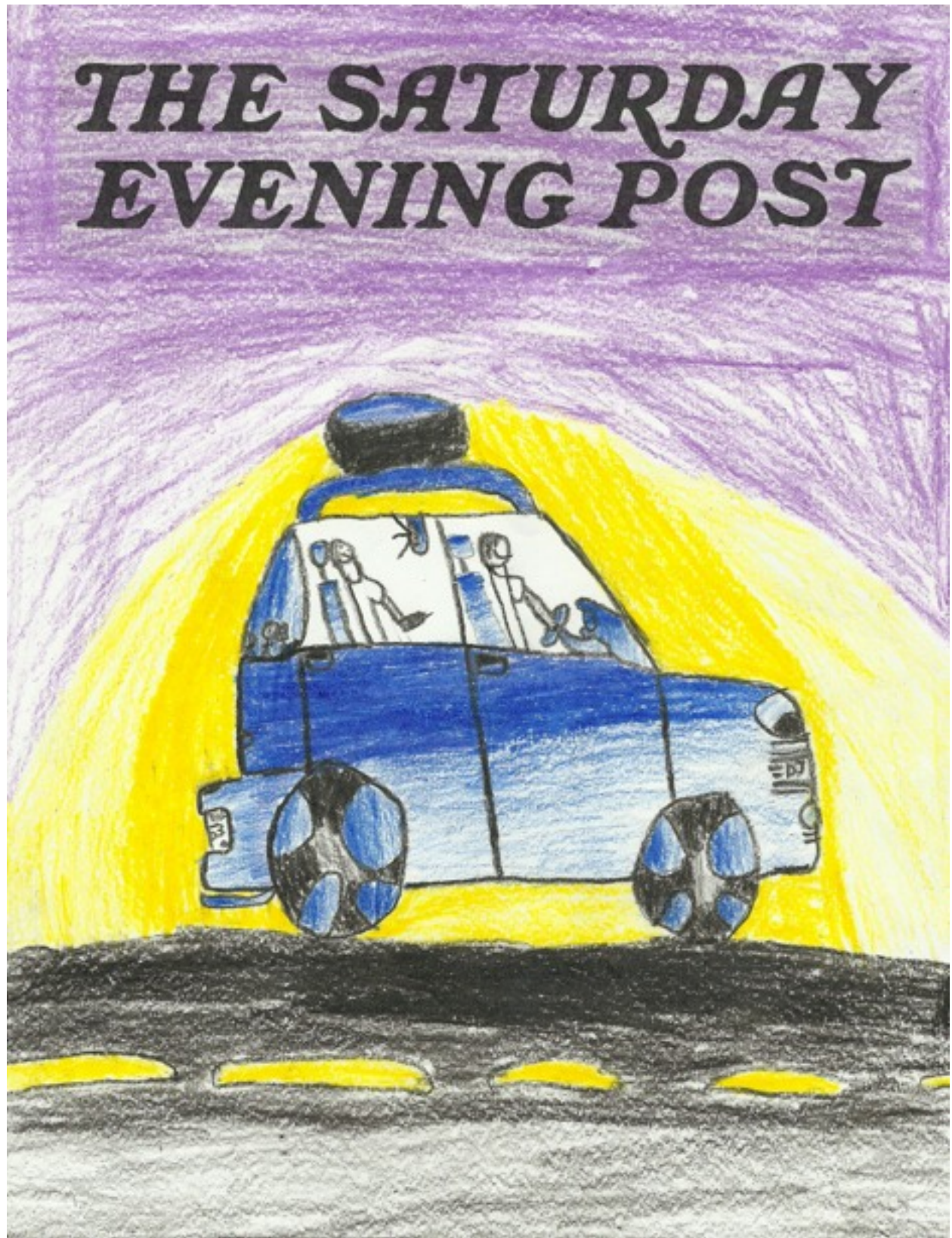
"Mama, I'm no ignorant person!" I reply.

"No, darling, you're not. Don't let anyone ever change your mind."

The next few days were the same, people yelling and throwing food. I just kept my head high and smiled even bigger.

The next week when the guards were walking me to school, there was less of a mob. When I walked into the school, there were more kids, and most of them didn't stare. I guess I showed them that black kids are no different than white.

Bennett Intermediate
Art Contest
Ethan Booth



Bennett Intermediate
Writing Contest
Gabrielle Canterbury
Inspired by "Little Spoons"

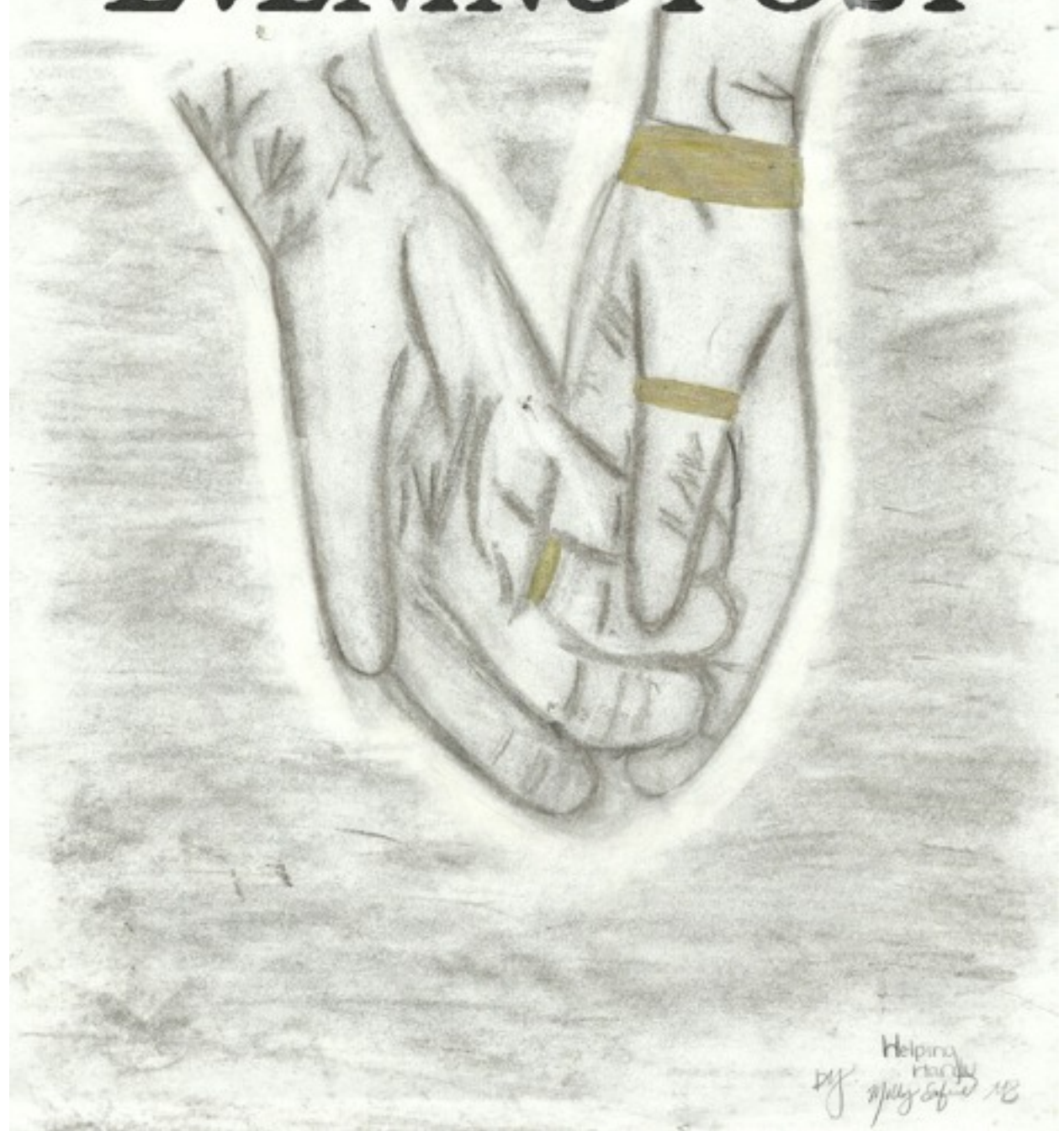
The Gift

by Gabrielle Canterbury

One day Lily was getting ready for school in a blur. She was excited they were getting a new student in her class named James. She got dressed and called her friend Amber. They talked non-stop about what they would do if James was cute. Then it was time for school. Lily hung up, grabbed her book bag, ran out the door, and got on the bus just in time. She was imagining what James might look like the whole way to school. She got there and she saw him. He was cute alright! She sat right next to him. He started to talk to her. He asked her what class she had next and to give him a tour of the school. The teacher said she could show him around. As she was doing that, they talked non-stop. They ate together at lunch every day and soon they became friends. Three days before Christmas, they talked about what they were getting their families while exchanging expectant looks. Then on Christmas day, Lily went to the park, knowing James would be there. She got him a tool set and couldn't wait to give it to him. He showed up, and he had a box with holes in it. He gave it to Lily. He said "Happy fourteenth Christmas!" and she gave him his gift. She opened her gift and out popped an adorable beagle puppy. She said it was "soooooo cute" and he said his tool set was "cool"! Then she took him by surprised and kissed him. He stood there frozen to the spot staring at her. Finally she said, "Just a second Christmas present."

Piqua Catholic
Art Contest Molly Safreed

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Helping
hands
by Molly Safreed '18

Piqua Catholic
Writing Contest
Aldo Barrero
With illustration by
Aldo Barrero



Christmas Homecoming

This story is about a soldier coming home for Christmas. He is anxious to see his wife, children, and younger brother. The soldier's name is Albert. He has been in Iraq for almost a year, and he's been waiting to come home and see his immediate family. He was also afraid that he wouldn't be able to come home for Christmas. One day some soldiers were talking to him and they told him that he was going home for Christmas! He was so excited, but he felt sorry for the soldiers and their families because they weren't allowed to go home. So before he left Iraq, he wished all of his friends a "Merry Christmas" and took a plane home. He didn't tell his family that he was coming home because he wanted to surprise them! When he got off the plane he called his brother to see if his brother could get a ride home. When his brother got to the airport they were so happy to see each other so they hugged. He helped Albert with his luggage and then

he took him home. When they got to
to the house, they walked slowly inside
the house and his wife and kids were
, opening presents. When his wife saw him, she
jumped up and hugged him really tight.
Albert's boy had prayed that his daddy
would come home for Christmas. Albert's
daughter cried with joy when she saw her father.
It was the best Christmas ever!

